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THE UNACKNOWLEDGED NECESSARY OF LIFE.

'Meat, clothes, and fire,' is Pope's formula of the acknowledged necessities of life. There is another of these requisites, which our ancestors enjoyed in perhaps greater measure than ourselves, but which they never thought of ranking with the other indispensables, or even of naming. We, while abating its use, have learned what it is, and come to distinguish it by the name of Excitement.

How often do we hear a merry song from the servants-hall, while there is dulness among the fine folk in the drawing-room! How often do we remark the gravity, approaching solemnity, of great people driving about in their carriages! Passing lately along one of the finest of the aristocratic streets of our own city, we observed two ragged boys playing at pitch-and-toss on the pavement in a state of such intense glee, as we believe is never attained *within* the houses in that quarter. One could not admire either the condition or the employment of the happy varlets; but they supply our desired illustration nevertheless. They never had heard of Excitement; but they had it, and were blest. Now and then, by giving a large party, or attending one, by making a tour, or going to a concert or a ball, the fine people make an approach to the degree of excitement which gives happiness; but the general strain of life in that grade is unfavourable to such enjoyments. They cannot condescend to the instincts which lead this way; they will not, in the Vicar of Wakefield's language, 'allow themselves to be happy.'

It is curious to see that that ampleness of means which mercantile men in general are struggling for is almost sure, as the world is now constituted, to diminish their supply of this needful element. The ultimatum of a successful man in one of our large industrious cities is, to live in good style in well-furnished house in one of the suburban districts. He goes there to dine, and spend the evening with his wife and children. Very moral, very amiable, but very dull. Public amusements, there are none: the old ones have been left in the thick of the town, to sink down to the level of the commonalty who haunt there, and no succedaneum has yet arisen for the refined people of the suburbs. There is reading, and such music as the ladies of the family can give; but these are not enough to enliven the hours. Well, you may invite a dinner-party, or go out to one. Yes, now and then. The costliness, not to speak of the diplomacy, makes this only a temporary relief. The result is, that a large proportion of the successful man's time is spent in a far lower tone of enjoyment

than was his fate in his earlier and more struggling days. His rise in society has virtually cut him off from society. He may have some pleasure in conscious importance; but respectability imposes its restraints, and under restraint the 'unacknowledged necessary' cannot be obtained.

Luxury without excitement, as this kind of life may be called, has even its peculiar diseases. The digestive power fails. The men become irritable, the women nervous. Leamington, and the water-cure doctors, thrive on this class of patients. Some of the more largely endowed roam continually over the continent, in search of that health which, under a merry mediocrity of circumstances at home, they would never have lost.

Though the pains are great, few of the victims are fully aware of what ails them, or of what they want to make them well. There is, in these our days, such a horror of poverty, and of the intemperance, squalor, and diseases connected with it, that to get out into wealth, pure air, luxury, and temperate refinement, gives most of us the idea of having attained the great ends of life. We have not yet so far got over the self-gratulations at being safe from the grosser difficulties and sufferings which beset the toiling, as to be sensible of the disadvantages of our new position. Disgust at the vices of those we keep at a distance, creates in us an ascetic or puritanic spirit, which blinds us to our own many wants, or enables us to put up with them. With some, there are religious asceticisms besides. They martyr their own cravings, as a rebuke to the slacknesses and excesses of their fellow-creatures. They can endure any amount of dull life—the kindly disposed, because they hope it may be an example to induce others to withdraw from evil; the egotistic, because it shews that they are not as others are. Others, less able to control their natural dispositions, take to artificial stimulants physically and morally injurious, by way of a succedaneum—a wrong cure applied to a misunderstood disease. One way and another, the starvation of healthful excitement is a broad form of evil in modern society, and multitudes pine and perish under it, without ever clearly knowing their ail.

Continental society, as contrasted with our own, supplies an illustration which there is no mistaking. There are fewer wealthy there, and the disposition to withdraw to elegant but dull firesides, or to separate bodily and wholly from less fortunate classes of society, scarcely exists. There is less refinement amongst continental people, but a great deal more of the appearance of an enjoyment of life. Their enjoyments, we believe, are really greater than ours; and simply

because they have not yet, by the pride of wealth, or indulgence in over-refinements, exclusiveness, and asceticisms, cut themselves off from a due supply of the 'unacknowledged necessary.' They can still 'allow themselves to be happy.'

It is not, we fear, a part of the reforming spirit of our age, to acknowledge excitement as a needful pabulum of life: it is too would-be moral for that. But we take it upon us, nevertheless, to say, that without this being acknowledged and duly legislated for, all efforts at a general improvement will be vain. It would not be difficult to shew how important an end it serves in prompting and sustaining that activity which seems to be almost the first condition of our having a place on the earth. No matter for its final cause. We should take human nature as we find it, and try to co-ordinate its strangely varied features into one moral whole, if we would come to any satisfactory result.

We should, but we will not. The swing which educated society has got towards a life of insufficient excitement, has not reached its maximum. It will in time; and then there will be a reaction, like that of the reign of Charles II. against the previous age of Puritanism.

When things have come to an equilibrium, it will be seen that we are rough beings, placed in a rough world, and that it is of no use to ignore any of the great instincts which our Maker, for his own wise purposes, has planted in us. Social converse, lively bodily exercise (even in the form of dancing), innocent jocularities and surprises, comic and poetic fictions, novelties to look at and partake of, changes of scene and habit at judicious intervals, will be contemplated in their true character, as required for the gratification of this great need, and for the maintenance of a healthful tone in the system. There will be new books of sports—not as parts of a political controversy, but as an effort to work out some of the problems suggested by the part which humanity has to play in the world.

COWSLIP-GATHERING.

'AND where have you been, Miss Minnie?' said my uncle to his pretty young daughter, as she made her rather late appearance at the breakfast-table. 'Not lingering in bed, I see, for lazy people have not such rosy cheeks, though they may perchance have neater hair,' he added, as he playfully lifted one of Minnie's long golden curls, which seemed to have had a game of play with some early and giddy young zephyr.

'Oh no, not in bed, papa. Please to excuse my hair: it was so lovely in the fields, that I went a little too far, and I have had such a run to get home in time. I am so sorry! I meant to have been in before prayers; but when the bell rang, I was a long way off.'

'But not alone, darling, I hope?' said my aunt.

'Oh no, mamma. Johnnie went with me; he is such a capital little fellow, always ready for a run, and so good-natured. Only look here!' she exclaimed; and she drew from beneath her little shawl, which she had not taken time to throw aside, a lovely bunch of golden cowslips, each fragrant bell with 'a dew-drop in its ear,' glittering like a diamond. 'And now, papa,' said she as, placing her spring-treasures before her mother, she seated herself at the table, 'we must have our long-promised holiday, and our cowslipping-party. Do let it be this very day.'

'Well, Minnow, I don't care,' said my uncle; 'but what says La Madre?' and all looked appealingly to her. But La Madre smiled consent; and as not one dissentient voice was raised against the plan, it was

settled that the cowslip-party should take place that afternoon.

'But where, father—where shall we go?' said Phyllis, my eldest cousin, a rather sedate and very lovely girl of twenty.

'Oh, Corfe!' 'Let it be to Corfe!' was echoed from voice to voice. 'There are no such cowslips in the world as by the brook at Corfe.'

'Now such orchises, and anemones, and all sorts of flowers,' said little Flora. Well named was she, for such a flower-lover as she had been from a baby I never knew.

'And, perhaps,' exclaimed Ralph, a fine lad of fourteen, 'I shall get some wood-pigeons' eggs.'

'Oh, Ralph, you would not take the pretty pigeons' nests,' said Flora; 'you cruel boy!'

'Nonsense, Flo—what stuff you girls do talk! I should never get a collection if I were to listen to you chits. Oh, don't take the pretty pigeons' nests. Oh, I shall cry if you do;' and Ralph, who, boy-like, delighted in teasing the girls, whined in such a comical voice that the laugh was general.

'Mind you, sir,' said his father sternly, 'I will have no bird-nesting; 'tis a cruel and dastardly sport, and I hope no son of mine will ever amuse himself with it.'

'Oh no, father,' said Ralph, 'I would not on any account take the nests. If I find one, I should only take an egg or two, leaving the bird a nest-egg; and then, you know, she would lay more, and never miss them.'

'Then, why tease your sister, my boy? There is nothing more unkind and unmanly than to do so.'

'Well, then, father,' said Edward, a fine young Guardsman, at home on a short leave of absence, 'suppose Phyl and I ride over to Blagdon, and ask the Calthorpes to join us?'

'Do, my dear,' said my aunt; 'but, then, I do really think we had better fix to-morrow instead of to-day; there will be no cream bespoken, or anything ready.'

'Ay, and what is a country-tea without cream?' replied my uncle. 'Let Ned and Phyl ride over to-day, and bespeak the "goodies" and the guests, and we will all of us dine early, and be off for a long afternoon to-morrow.' And thus it was decided; and as soon as might be after breakfast, the brother and sister were on their ponies, and away. 'Phyl—Ned!' shouted my uncle, just as they reached the gate; and back came Phyl and Ned to hear his parting words. 'Don't let us ask these Calthorpes; they'll bring that Graf with them—that long-legged, whiskered Graf, who rides over the country like the wild huntsmen. I have not a doubt that he is a lineal descendant of the demon of the Harz, and his horrible head-cracking German. Oh, don't ask them!'

'Oh, father,' said Edward, 'I should like to ask them; whilst Phyl looked like disappointment personified.

'Oh, papa,' cried Minnie, 'they would like to come.'

'You be quiet, Minnow; there is a great fish among them that would snap you up at a mouthful: I can see that with a glance of my eye. Be thankful, child, that you've some one to keep you out of mischief.'

A perfect panic prevailed for a few moments; but glancing towards my aunt, I saw a gleam of fun in her eye, that shewed me at once that the opposition was not likely to end in the downfall of the young people's hopes.

'Will not they think it unfriendly,' ventured Phyllis, 'to be so near, and not ask them to join us?'

'Well, well,' said my uncle; 'anything for a quiet life. Have them, if you will; only if that Graf eats up all the cream, do not say you were not forewarned;' and off they rode. 'Ned—Phyl!' again called my uncle, just as they reached the gate; and again they returned. 'Have you your directions what cream, et cetera, to order?'

'Yes, papa; mamma has calculated what we shall want, and told us.'

'Then order exactly double what she has said of both cream and butter—For the Graf, my dear,' he said to my aunt apologetically—'those Germans eat such lots of oil, and butter, and stuff, you know.' And at last the party set out, and without recall contrived to get fairly off. But my uncle had not yet filled up the measure of his jest.

'Perhaps they will have Frank Calthorpe's young lady with them,' he said gravely to my aunt. 'Have you heard whether she is there, Minnow?' said he, turning sharp on Minnie, who blushed, and looked startled, but did not answer.

'Has Frank an *affiancé*, my dear?' asked his wife. 'I did not know that—who is it?'

'I am sure I don't know,' replied my uncle pawkily. 'Has he, Minnow? I daresay you know, you and Frank are such friends.' But Minnie turned and fled, uttering a clear ringing laugh as she went, which as much as said: 'If I do, I shall not tell.'

All went smoothly; the Calthorpes were delighted with the scheme, and promised to be at the trysting-place by three o'clock; Graf Von Rieffel and all the family, young and old, hoping to be of the party.

One of the many superiorities of country diversions over town gaieties is, that not only the elder young gentlemen and the introduced young ladies can share in them, but all, from the prattler of four years old, to the hoary-headed grand-parent, can almost equally enjoy them. On this occasion, our party included a pretty large and diversified family group. There was grandmamma, with her silver hair and clear blue eye, as blithe as if she had not been, as she was, verging on fourscore; my uncle, as frolicsome as a boy; and my aunt, merry as a girl of sixteen, as she bustled about the house, seeing to the packing of no end of good and useful things for the tea-table. Besides these, there were no less than ten young ones, all alive with anticipation—only ten, for Ned had thought it advisable to walk over to the Calthorpes in the heat of the day—my uncle suggesting that it was with a view to shew himself *warm* in the service—and Wynnie, the youngest was voted too young. Some of the party were to ride donkeys, others to walk; whilst we elders were to pack into the double phaeton which the ponies were to draw, and the little ones were to be wedged into odd corners among us. How bright my aunt looked as she tied the broad blue ribbons of little frisky Guerdalen's hat, and placed her with her curly-headed twin-brother Herbert between papa and grandmamma; and then she stepped into the back-seat, stowed away little gentle Flora between herself and me, pushed the last basket inside, and gave my uncle the signal for departure. How merry we were all, and how exquisitely lovely was the country; the little river Tone glittering in the sunshine, the rich foliage in every hedgerow quivering beneath the light spring-breezes, and the hawthorn loading the air with perfume, and scattering its white petals on us as we drove gently along the narrow and rugged lanes which led to our destination.

Does my reader know the Valley of Taunton Dean? If he does, he will, I am sure, allow that for richness of soil and verdure it is an unrivalled spot. Such elms, such oaks, as decorate that valley can seldom be seen, and its wealth of wild-flowers is indeed surpassing; such fields of the 'dancing daffodil as greet spring's earliest breathing,' such tufts of the pure white snowdrops as cluster by the side of the swollen brook! Not very easy to get at though; for the soft showers, which loosen the soil around them, and make them start up in all their fancy-like beauties almost in a night, is rather apt to render that same rich alluvial soil somewhat adhesive to the feet, and to cause the garments of the snowdrop-hunters to exhibit marks of warfare; but it is worth while to run the risk of a soiled dress

for the pleasure of gathering a handful of these delicate 'harbingers of spring.' Then,

When spring's first gale
Comes forth to shew us where the violets lie,

what rich abundance of both blue and white, and of the sweet-scented kind does that gale discover! There they lie on many a bank and in many a hedgerow in this valley, more profusely than you can imagine, half hidden by the long green mosses; and every here and there beautifully contrasting their rich purple or pure white tints with the scarlet of the red fungus (*Peziza coccinea*), and the creamy sulphur tint of the primrose, or the curious yellowish fertile spike of the field horsetail (*Equisetum arvense*).

But here we are at Corfe, and we shall see what flowers later season affords; and now we pass by the beautiful little Gothic church, and up that most picturesque street with the brook coursing down on one side, and the rich fields and gardens, interspersed with houses, on the other, and crossing the sparkling stream, we arrive at the farmhouse where we are to have our head-quarters for the day; and there, in the brilliantly green meadow behind it, are all our allies from all quarters assembled.

There are Colonel and Mrs Calthorpe, keeping guard over their pretty girls and merry little ones to the number of eight. Frances and Gertrude Calthorpe, in their broad-brimmed brown straw-hats, standing by the side of the rustling brook laughing at Minnie, who has thrown hers aside, and with a perfect halo of glittering golden curls around her head, is laving her brow in the stream, and splashing the water over her young companions in frolic sport. Certainly there never was anything so pretty as my cousin Minnie's hair, more especially when it is a little ruffled, and the separate shining hairs are curling in a maze on her carmine cheek and ivory throat. She is a sweet creature, and as guileless and pure in mind as she is lovely in person; and yet, with all her beauty, and at the mature age of nineteen, I doubt whether Miss Minnie has ever heard those mystic words, 'Will you be mine?' addressed to her; for she is so girlish and young in spirit, and keeps herself so wholly with the children, that most people think she is one of them; and although I sometimes suspect, with my uncle, that there is a 'big fish' who would fain make the little 'Minnow' his prey, I almost doubt whether that merry little fish herself entertains much thought on the subject. However, perhaps we shall see by and by, for there is nothing like a country tea-drinking for making that clear which has before been dark in such matters.

And now the gentlemen espy us, and Colonel Calthorpe and the Graf Von Rieffel come to help the young ladies to dismount from their donkeys and the elders from the carriage, and we all join company by the side of the brook.

But I mistook: all the party were not there. 'Where is Edward?' I asked; 'and Ida? I hope she is coming?' A saucy nod from Minnie directed my attention to the other end of the field, where stood Ida, with two or three of the younger ones, looking up into the boughs of a huge oak, from which Edward was throwing branch after branch, and twig after twig, for which the party below were scrambling. I was not long in joining the merry party, whose joyous shouts and laughter were most inviting; and was soon as busy as any one in gathering up the ruby and gold-tinted oak-apples, and branches of the yellow oak catkins, which Edward so abundantly scattered around him. Such quantities of this pretty blight I had never before seen; nor had I an idea how very brilliant an addition they form to a country bouquet, set, as they always are, in the midst of the soft emerald green leaves, then in their tenderest and most delicate verdure. Laden like horses with our prey, to which we added huge branches

of the lovely wild-apple blossom, we returned to our party, and surrendering our spoils to the little ones, who were going to build a bower with branches, we set out afresh to seek a romantic little ravine, which separates Pickeridge Hill from the village of Corfe—all of us being intent on a thorough exploration. We were not aware that we had been almost close to its edge when we were at the oak-tree; for although the dell or ravine is of considerable width, and lies far below the level of the fields, so richly is it wooded on either side, that, until close to it, you would not know that any other division than a mere belt of wood lay between you and the hill. Over two meadows we pass, and then reach the little bridge that crosses the cleft at its narrowest part, and bears you over a rushing brook, which, after turning the village mill, runs through the fields, and descending by one or two sudden leaps, in which the waters form the most picturesque little cascades, wanders on through this most beautiful little glen, clothing it with the richest carpeting of mosses and wild-flowers that ever graced the haunts of Titania. But, oh, the flowers that we saw and gathered in our way! Such profusion and such luxuriance of growth I never saw. Cowslips as thick as daisies all over the grass, and with them the rich purple early meadow orchis (*Orchis mascula*), with their dark-green leaves broadly splashed with black; and the smaller and more violet-tinted species, the green meadow orchis (*Orchis morio*), distinguished from its neighbours by its green-ribbed calyx and lower growth, both kinds very lovely, and contrasting gorgeously with the golden tint of the cowslips. Then, along the banks of the brook which skirts the fields on two sides, rose splendid tufts of that most graceful plant, the great pendulous carex (*Carex pendula*), its three-cornered leafy stalks growing four or five feet high, and each bearing six or seven long yellow fertile catkins, in close proximity to the grave brown barren ones which adorn the same stalk, and with its many drooping grass-like leaves, forming a most lovely fringe along the side of every more retired part of the brook. Above, overhanging the water, such numbers of wild apple-trees as I never saw elsewhere, their bloom as much more beautiful than that of any cultivated species as the fruit of the cultivated is preferable to that of the wild.

But as we near the dell, we are made aware that the wealth we have passed is poverty to what is to come. There—in the shadow of the fine old oaks and elegant mountain-ashes, the sycamores and elms, which, interspersed with stately old hawthorns, and a fine under-growth of woodbine and roses, and other shrubs not yet in bloom, shelter the rich herbage beneath—lie such gigantic cowslips and oxlips, such blue hyacinths and sulphur-coloured primroses, as are never seen save in some such sheltered and sequestered spot. There, too, are hosts of that curious and fanciful plant which children and villagers call 'lords and ladies,' 'cows and calves,' 'cuckoo-pint' (*Arum maculatum*), the straight tall purple, or pale-green spike, under a canopy, suggesting the idea of a lady in a canopied chair or throne, or a general in the doorway of his tent. There they stand, amongst their clusters of halberd-shaped and spotted leaves,

Like an army retired in its tents to rest,
On the brink of the ocean's tumultuous breast.

But amongst all the other flowers, there is one delicate star-like blossom, which, see it where you will, challenges attention; and here it is in the richest abundance, and of magnificent size. It is the delicate white-wood anemone (*A. nemorosa*). Its stalks here are about a foot or more high, curving at the summit, on which is placed a star of from four to seven white petals, richly tinted on the outside with lilac, and with an involucre of either three or five cleft leaves encircling

the stalk, at about a quarter of its length from the blossom; the centre of the corolla being formed like that of the ranunculus, to which natural order it belongs.

By the time we reached this new store of flowers, we had all gathered so many, that all hands and baskets were full, and the girls were obliged to turn their hats into receptacles for the immense collection we had amassed; so when we fell in with a most alluring shady bank, within sound of the ripple of the waterfall, we all seated ourselves on the ground, and the young men cut us good thick hazel-sticks, which they split about a third of their length at each end, and laying our gatherings by handfuls, the heads first one way and then the other between the clefts, we made great flowery bunches that might have served a Whitsuntide club walk, and so set our hands free for fresh collections; and then on we went, gathering in very wantonness, for what could we want of such quantities of flowers? However, I believe even the money-gatherer is not so covetous as the wild-flower collector; and truly the fields and hedges, and banks and trees, were so prodigally decked with these beauteous gems, that for every one we picked we left ten thousand; and what we took, abundant as was our supply, left no visible deficiency, and would never be missed by the fairies when they came to dance amongst them at night. But much as we had done, we had not wandered more than a couple of fields from home, and now came a little band of human beings, prettier than all the fairies in Christendom, to call us to tea; and helter-skelter, flowers, children, dogs—for we had several with us—and grown people, we hastened to the back of the house, where, under favour of the big walnut-tree, we were to find shelter from the still hot sun, and a delicious 'thee-mahl,' as the Graf called it, all prepared, and most welcome. And a fine feast we had—such great loaves of the sweetest and purest home-baked brown bread; such great bowls of yellow cream, so thick that you might have stuck a spoon upright in it; and then such fragrant tea, with its attendant rich raw cream—which means that which has not been scalded, as the clotted cream is—and such fine supplies of new milk for the little ones. Oh, it was a feast indeed! and needed not any additions of sweet-cakes or town-made biscuits, which, although they had been abundantly provided by my good aunt, were quite at discount; as were the baker's nice little loaves of white bread, every one preferring the brown. After the meal was nearly over, came a noble gift of junket from good Mrs Harris, our landlady, served up in a splendid old china-bowl that might have suited the great Che-kiang himself, and ladled out with a richly embossed silver punch-ladle, with a golden guinea set in the bottom—an heirloom for centuries in worthy Mr Harris's family. And now the junket, with its rich coating of cream and sweet spices fairly discussed, and the bowl and ladle having been duly admired, we set forth for a ramble to the top of Pickeridge; all in a body at first—that is, all who meant to go, for many of the younger ones, and all the children, were too busy with their arbour-building, to care for distant rambles—but as we advanced, such sweet dingly dells and bosky bowers opened here and there, that some turned one way and some another, and by the time my uncle, Colonel Calthorpe, and I had reached the platform on the top of the hill, we found that all the rest had left us, and we three stood there alone.

We now began our descent, wandering gently down over the short soft turf; now stopping to watch the sheep and lambs, then culling some sprigs of heath, which but just begun to shew its purple colours between the close green leaves; now stooping to watch over insects, and then startled and delighted by the sudden and rapid transit of a hare or rabbit springing up from

beneath our very feet, and scudding away to what it might esteem safer quarters; when, turning abruptly round a corner—pop—we came on Ralph, Gertrude, and Frances Calthorpe sitting on the turf, and chatting in merry mood.

“Do you know what’s become of the Graf?” asked the colonel.

“Or of Phyllis and Minnie?” inquired my uncle.

“I don’t know anything about Minnie, father,” said Ralph; “but if elysium lies anywhere about here, and you know where to look for it, you’ll be sure to find Phyllis and the count there. We left them half an hour ago to have a run down the hill; for they were so exalted in their sublimity, so high up in the air, that Gatty was getting as moped as a church-mouse, and Frances as dull as a great thaw; so I lured them away, just to save their wits,” added the merry boy.

“I daresay they are deep in German mythology in some nook or other,” said Frances laughing; and on we went, leaving the young ones where we found them, and presently turning into a pretty little secluded dell, we descried two of the missing ones, Phyllis and the count, intent on trying a bit of divination with a fine blossom of the great ox-eye (*Chrysanthemum leucanthemum*), after the fashion so touchingly employed by Margaret in the *Faust*. It is curious that both the English and Germans should have selected this flower for a sort of incantation. We use it less elegantly than the Germans, our aim being to discover in what position in life the diviner’s future husband will be found, by repeating the words: ‘Gentleman—apothecary—ploughboy—thief,’ as she pulls out one of the snowy petals to each word, and repeats them over and over again until all the petals are gone—the word which falls on the last being indicative of the standing of the lady’s *future*. The German mode is to say alternately: ‘Loves me—’ ‘Loves me not;’ whichever word falls to the share of the last petal, is definitive as to the love of the person concerning whom the charm is tried.

Well, on the latter plan were the pair divining; and so intent were they on their work, that they neither heard nor saw us as we approached, nor perceived that my uncle slipped aside, and ensconced himself behind the very tree beneath which they sat. ‘Loves me, loves me not—loves me, loves me not,’ repeated Phyllis, radiant with blushes as she drew near the end of the magic circle, and saw how the spell would end; and then pulling out the last petal, she said triumphantly: ‘Loves me!’ when suddenly out stepped my uncle with the startling question: ‘Who loves you, Phyl?’

If Comus and his train had suddenly appeared in their satyr forms, poor Phyllis could scarcely have been more startled. But the count! No, not he; he was not one bit put out. Certainly these Germans have abundance of sang froid. If he had known that Mr Stanley would appear at that very moment, and would ask that very question, he could not have been more composed, or more ready with his answer, except that perhaps he would in that case have been prepared with his English, whereas his reply was in German:

“Ich bin es! Ach Herr Stanley, ich liebe sie! Wir lieben einander!” and then came forth such a flood of impassioned eloquence, in what my poor uncle called the ‘head-cracking German,’ that, pathetic as was its import, I could not help laughing at his face of utter dismay.

“Why, can’t you speak English, count?” said he at last. “You know I don’t understand one word you have been saying. Why, I thought you had come to England on purpose to master our language, and here you are without a word to help you at a pinch!”

“Ah, yes,” replied the poor Graf. “I am been enough long in in this island to speak English pretty gut; but your daughter, she speaks Deutch so gut, I quite forgot.”

But seeing poor Phyllis blushing, and turning away her head, and having myself enough of German to have gathered the meaning of Herr Von Riebel’s speech, I drew the child’s arm within my own, and leaving the two gentlemen together, I led her away to her mother.

What a funny scene awaited us at the farm! The children had elected little Flora Queen of the Vegetable, and Stella Calthorpe Queen of the Animal, Kingdom; and the pretty little sovereigns, being enthroned beneath a canopy erected on a flowery lay down near the brook, had commanded their subjects to celebrate a treaty of friendly alliance between them, by crowning every animal that crossed their way with flowers. Good Farmer Harris and his children had abundantly enjoyed the fun, and lent them his aid in catching the lambs, sheep, &c., and investing them with their finery. All our oak-branches and oak-apples, our apple-blossoms and wild-flowers of every denomination, had been enlisted in the service; all Mrs Harris’s hoards had been ransacked for string; and the whole party—which had been swollen in size by the addition of two pretty little girls and two fine lads, friends of the Calthorpes, who lived in the village—had been intensely occupied in weaving garlands and tying up bouquets for their brute allies. There were seven or eight sheep and lambs with garlands round their necks; each dog had a collar of blossoms; a rough, shaggy donkey, and her foal, were saddled with great dock-leaves, and hung round with festoons of flowers; the very cows being decked with wreaths, and tied to each horn of each cow was a splendid bunch of flowers and leaves, surmounted by a plume three feet or more in height of the beautiful pendulous cere, which I have described, ornaments in themselves most elegant, but imparting to the poor ‘milky mothers,’ as they walked about and grazed, a most grotesque appearance. There were two fine calves also with wreaths round their necks; and every child, girl, and boy, had its cincture of bright flowers. Grandmamma’s head was crowned with a garland, and my aunt was a perfect heap of leaves and blossoms. The fun, and songs, and shouts of laughter which accompanied all this were most infectious and exhilarating; and soon was I in the midst of it, leaving poor Phyllis to her own happy thoughts. But where was my favourite Minnie? No one knew; but presently I caught the flutter of a white garment at some little distance, and saw her passing towards the house. Alas, poor Minnie! she was sad and tearful, fluttered and troubled. ‘What is it, darling? What is the matter?’ said I, joining her; and then she hid her face on my shoulder, and told me that those words had been spoken to her, and that she, taken by surprise, had said: ‘O no, no!’ when her heart said ‘O yes, yes!’ and so Frank had started off in despair; and Minnie, silly little thing, had sat weeping under a tree, and wishing she had not been so stupid as to answer ‘No’ when she meant ‘Yes.’

“Minnow, Minnow!” said her father, for I had beckoned him to join us, ‘did not I warn you of that great fish that I knew would want to snap you up for his supper. Don’t you remember the fable of the little trout that left his mother so wilfully, and became a prey to the angler?’ But Minnie could not jest; she was in despair, and heart-sore, for she thought she had thrown away her happiness for ever; and so, drawing her to his heart, her loving father whispered that he would soon set matters right. They must wait a little bit; but if she really loved Frank, she should have him, for ‘he’s a good boy, my Minnow; he’s a good son, and so will be a good husband, I doubt not. Never fear, he is not the least likely to take such a “No” as you have given him without trying to turn it into “Yes.” And now we must homeward, my child,’ said he; and gathering together the young ones, we set out.

How it happened, I cannot say, but somehow or other

Frank turned up just at the starting; and a word from me sent him to Minnie's side, which he did not find it necessary to leave until he had seen her fairly inside her own door; and though a little pestered by the clusters of boys and girls, who would keep on playing all kinds of gambols round them, they seemed to have had a tolerably pleasant walk. Of course, the count was Frank's companion home on his return to Blagdon, having been permitted by my uncle to escort Phyllis to her home, and obtained leave to come the next day, and every day, until he took the fair girl as his bride to his stately German home. As to Edward, he and his Ida—for he had long been engaged to her—went quietly back to Blagdon together, where Edward was to sleep.

And so ended the Somersetshire cowslip-party, and may all country frolics end as pleasantly!

LIFE IN TURKEY.

EVERY one knows what Turks look like—grave, dignified personages, with large turbans and long pipes; but few know anything about their everyday-life—where they sleep, where they dine, what they do; whether those round turbans grow on their heads, and whether they ever come off, or get out of shape; whether those grave faces ever relax into a smile, or that solemn step ever quickens into a run—whether the Turks are ever boys, and what they are like in that stage of development—and, most interesting question of all, what are Turkish girls?

I have passed some time in their sunny land, and ought to be able to tell you something about it: the only difficulty is where to begin. They are, as a people, in their dress, language, manners, movements, and accessories, so thoroughly picturesque, that it seems impossible to think of them in any other way than as animated paintings; whether you picture the men as gravely transacting business in those wonderful old bazaars, just as they did in the days of the Arabian Nights, or the women busily employed in getting through their aimless existence behind their latticed windows. I spent some time in the interior of Asia Minor, and, consequently, could study the natives in their natural colours with great ease. We from the first placed the most perfect confidence in them, and never found cause to regret having done so; we used to ride about fearlessly—the first English who had done so without servants and pistols—and the country-people always welcomed us with the greatest delight. Many an old Turk would give me a nod and a few friendly sounding words as we passed; and many times have I been called to stand under an upper window by some Turkish woman, who was anxious to testify the interest she felt in the unbelieving girl. She appeared with a cloth thrown over her head, holding the sides together in her mouth to save her face from my father's unhallored gaze, and her hands were full of fruit, generally quinces or unripe plums torn hastily down, which she poured into my lap, thus greatly interfering with the management of my horse, although I always carried the kindly gift home.

Those pleasant rides, how well I remember them! setting out in the gray light of early morning, our way leading through luxuriant vineyards laden with fruit, every here and there a curious little rustic hut on a raised platform for the lonely watchers of the vines. These are so much exposed to the depredations of men and wild animals, that as the fruit grows ripe it is guarded day and night. Then we got into less cultivated districts, wandering through pine-clad ravines, eternally shaded from the noonday sun, with the dim roar of water sounding far below; and at length leaving these dark defiles, we emerged on a lovely riant landscape, a very paradise of wild

luxuriant vegetation. On these occasions, I passed the time in a state of sudden transition from ecstasies of delight at the prospect, to extremes of terror at any unfamiliar sound; for little black bears often came down from the mountains to eat grapes, neither were wolves uncommon; and we constantly heard the jackals' unearthly cries close to the house at night. We used to hear alarming stories, too, of deserters from the army, who scrupled not to fire on any stranger who approached their hiding-place; but most dreadful of all were the narratives of wild-dogs, that would spring out of the bushes, and attack the solitary horseman. Notwithstanding all these dangers, however, we always made our appearance at home in time for breakfast; and so relieved the minds of those members of our party who valued their necks too highly to trust themselves on the little unbroken country-horses.

We must often have presented a very picturesque group, when dismounting at the quaint little porch at the middle of our long low dwelling-house, where stood, ready to take the horses, our stolid Arab servant Ibrahim, my father's especial body-guard. A most faithful fellow was Ibrahim, with a frame of Herculean strength, and a mind, as in duty bound, full of pious hatred of everything Turkish. He waited at table, and looked after the saddling of our horses, which could not be intrusted to untidy Turkish fingers; but this was the only grooming he would condescend to. He and a stalwart Turk, who usually supplied us with horses, were deadly enemies, and watched each other's shortcomings with eagle eyes.

Our household was a somewhat incongruous one—consisting of the aforesaid Arab; a Maltese, who, with the assistance of a Greek, performed all our cooking-operations; and a black Portuguese woman, my own maid, who contrived to get through the small amount of indoor work we required. The arrangement of our place of abode was equally curious. On entering the porch, you found yourself just facing a mysterious sanctum, which I never explored, where Antonio and his assistant were all day long occupied in secret preparations, the results of which appeared on our dinner-table; and it was a curious instance of the power of adaptation to circumstances these southern nations possess, that this man Antonio had been engaged as our courier, and yet was willing and able to turn into a very decent cook when occasion required. Turning to the left, you entered a long room, the whole length of the house, which served the triple purpose of drawing and dining room and hall; one end was slightly raised, as a place of honour, with cushions laid on each side, and tastefully decorated with our saddles and bridles; the walls were all whitewashed, with some wonderful strokes of paint on them, like embryo medallions. The only furniture was a deal-table, some chairs, and two large brown jars for water. On one side was a small compartment, with the front entirely open to the air, meant for a smoking-room, into which a pomegranate-tree flung its boughs most luxuriantly, laying its glowing fruit against your cheek as you sat reading or meditating. The sleeping-rooms all opened into the hall. Their fittings-up were equally simple, the bedsteads in many instances consisting of two trestles and three planks, with sheets laid on the top, and a large white muslin mosquito-curtain, hanging from a rope attached to the ceiling, and covering the bed in such a way that it required some science to get in without bringing down the whole affair by the run. A large basin and jar of brown clay formed the toilet-apparatus—it is wonderful how few of our civilised necessities are really necessary.

Our house stood on the brow of a hill, looking down a steep declivity covered with wood, and over a long plain; every night the grasshoppers chirped so loud in the wood, as to drown every other voice; and a little green frog here has a pretty singing-note. The tops of

fig and other trees would come poking their heads through every crevice in window or wall. It is a pity to cast a dark shade over this pleasant picture; but, alas! where vegetation flourishes so well, animal life of the lower kind does so too, and the walls of our rooms presented to the curious observer many studies of the natural history of creatures, whose lives in England are passed in seclusion. I had to establish a nightly inspection round my room, and expel a variety of singular-looking intruders, before I could hope for any chance of rest. The whole of one side of our house was occupied by the bath-house, which consisted of two rooms—the first, used as a cooling-room, had a small bath in it fit for one person; while the other room, with a very high-arched roof, had a large round marble bath, sunk in the middle about five or six feet deep, with steps all round. This was kept full of water from a natural hot spring: the water came rushing in through a marble basin at one side, and flowed out at the other, with great noise, leaving the whole place full of eddying clouds of steam. There were many hot springs of different kinds in the neighbourhood, and ours was called the 'silver spring' from the whiteness of its water. We used, at certain hours, to permit the women of the neighbourhood to use the bath, and many of them would have been content to stay there all day: they all, even the very babies, swam like ducks. They had an ingenious method of wrapping a sort of dark-coloured scarf round them, so that it never became unfastened. When a party of nymphs were disporting themselves in the boiling element—the temperature was never under a hundred—they would scream and laugh, yell and sing, at the full stretch of their lungs, making the vaulted roof ring again with the echoes of most discordant music and most musical laughter. They presented to the astonished spectator, when her eyes got accustomed to the blinding steam, and her ears to the deafening noise of voices and water—a scene, especially at night, most weird and uncanny. My English frame could not stand the suffocating air for any length of time, and a quarter of an hour in the bath was sufficient to send me away almost in a fainting state; but these women would play for a whole hour in the hot fluid, then go into the cooling room, lie down and sleep for a short time, and then rush back with unabated zeal to their beloved pastime, and they never appeared the least enervated by it. One day, hearing an infantine voice in the bath-room, I went to see who it was, and found a little creature about six years old, the daughter of a Greek neighbour, all alone in the large bath, bobbing about like a cork, and, as usual, screaming out a sort of tune as loud as possible. My presence, however, alarmed her so much, that I was obliged to run away, lest the little wretch should drown herself in her efforts to hide from me under the water.

Our hall-door always stood open, and countrywomen often stole quietly in to look at us: they would stand at first near the door, timid and awe-struck; then seeing us motionless, they would gently approach, and gaze long and earnestly on the new and strange specimens of humanity before them. They took no notice of work to which they were probably accustomed; but reading elicited the most uncontrollable curiosity and the profoundest respect. They walked round, looked at the book before and behind; but finding the mystery quite incomprehensible, for we could explain nothing in their language, they had to take their leave wondering and perplexed.

One morning we set out on a long-arranged expedition, to see a place in the neighbourhood belonging to a Turkish gentleman with an unpronounceable name, who farmed his own land. He possessed an immense tract, more like a county than an estate. Our road led through great part of the territory, consisting chiefly of fine fat land, crying earnestly for cultivation.

On our way, we heard some particulars of the young man we were about to see. He had very recently, at his father's death, come into possession of the estate. During the old man's lifetime, the son had been guided with a somewhat tight hand, so naturally his first use of freedom was to hurry down to Constantinople, to see a little of town-life. The lesson had probably been rather an expensive one, for the young student of fashion got himself into some scrape, which led to the paternal acres being heavily fined; and he himself received from the authorities a decided hint to remain for a while in country-quarters. He was smarting then under the indignity, which might account in some degree for the melancholy aspect of everything around, so much had been carried away to meet their owner's pressing exigency. As we approached the house, this became more apparent—half, at least, of the farm-cattle and people being wanting. The house itself was a large, rambling affair, consisting of only one floor, with the outhouses and women's apartments at some distance. The whole concern looked as if deserted; but the noise of our horses' hoofs aroused the indignation of the never-failing dogs, and their barkings brought out some attendants, who took charge of the steeds, while we prepared to enter, which we did perfectly unannounced, and with all the nonchalance of old acquaintances.

It was a wonderful style of visiting; but I, of course, had nothing to do but follow the example of those better informed than myself. We advanced from the outer door into a large hall, the general sitting-room, and always the pleasantest part of a Turkish house. The only attempts at furniture were a fountain and a few cushions; the sleeping-rooms, as usual, opened into the hall. No human being appeared; and we wandered, apparently unmarked, through these deserted halls, two or three smaller apartments being ranged round the large one. Entering one of these, we came upon another fountain, with some melons cooling in it, and the master of the house himself reclining on a divan, smoking a pipe, and seemingly wrapped in that Turkish elysium—a perfect oblivion of all mundane affairs. He was a thin, tall man, with a pale, delicate face, that looked as if it could express interest in no possible thing. He shewed the very essence of good-breeding, however, according to his own notions, by never lifting his eyes from the ground while the ladies remained in the room, though of course our appearance must have astonished him greatly. We ladies committed an unpardonable solecism, by presenting ourselves before him unveiled; and the only course left to him was to behave as though we were not. This tacit reproof on the part of Mussulmans often made me feel quite uncomfortable, and as if I had really been guilty of a breach of decorum. Two or three motionless attendants stood round, looking as listless and apathetic as their master. There was nothing to see in the rooms; they were all dirty and dusty, and in desperate want of painting and repairs. The dreary desolation stamped on everything round quite depressed one's spirits. Presently, a very ancient and withered specimen of womankind appeared, and in the most voluble manner requested our presence in her portion of the place. The ladies of the party accordingly followed her; but our path unfortunately led through the farmyard, where numbers of buffaloes—all the heavy work falls to their share—were reposing in various singular attitudes; gigantic black animals, with most ferocious horns, and looking altogether so uncouth and strange, that I, who have a lingering dread even of our quiet English cattle, made a precipitate retreat, but was instantly pounced upon and made prisoner by our vivacious guide, who, with much gesticulation, dragged me triumphantly through all dangers.

I had, ere this, seen enough of Turkish houses not to

feel disappointed at the miserable discrepancy between the popular descriptions of a harem and the reality which usually presents itself. The present, however, was rather a bad specimen, for the same hopeless air of stagnation brooded over this as well as the master's house. We were presented first to his mother, a stout, comely dame, very good-tempered, and delighted with visitors; then to his only wife, a pale, fragile girl, who might have been pretty had she not looked so sickly and helpless. She was dressed in the usual loose trousers, with a short tunic, and a cloth jacket lined with fur, her hair hanging down quite loose, and on her head the everlasting fez cap, with a coloured muslin handkerchief twisted round it. The attendants were all attired in those gay-coloured English prints, which are universally adopted here in place of the pretty silks of the country. They were dressed in much the same style as their mistress, excepting that some had long scanty tunics, cut up at the sides as far as the hips, leaving three narrow strips, about a yard long, trailing on the dusty floor. When moving about much, these trains are carried over the arm, or pinned in festoons to the side. Had we given due notice of our visit, they would have all been in *grande tenue* to receive us. As it was, we found them in the rough. The conversation was rather languid, consisting of short questions and answers. The only time they became excited, was when asked if they suffered much from the country fever and ague—a question which was emphatically denied by the whole party; one woman, jumping up and catching hold of both my hands, repeated the word 'Yok—yok!'

'No—no!' most impressively. I do not know why they were so anxious to deny this fact, for one only needed to look on the pale face of the young mistress to see a contradiction of all their words; for you read there a long course of suffering from that blighting disease, the bane of this country. Coffee was being prepared by a slave-girl in the usual manner. A little tripod stood in a corner, with lighted charcoal on it, and the coffee in a very rusty and battered metal vessel. It is made very thick, about the consistence of honey, and served up, without milk or sugar, in little tiny cups, placed in small filigree silver-stands, something like egg-cups. Beginners never can like this coffee, but old hands at it cannot bear to drink any other kind. The aroma is certainly delightful, but I must confess that my utmost exertion of good manners scarcely sufficed to make me swallow the nauseous mouthful, which may not be refused without giving the direst offence. After the coffee comes some sweatmeat—usually preserved cherries, but sometimes conserve of roses or other delicacy—with an array of curious little silver spoons and tumblers of water; each person takes a spoonful of sweatmeat, and some water, and then you may rise to go.

We performed our homeward journey not in the least in love with a harem-life, and in a few days our apathetic host came to return our call, handsomely dressed, and mounted on a superb horse. Unfortunately, none of the gentlemen were at home; and of course he totally ignored the existence of us, the ladies of the establishment, though we watched his advent and departure with great curiosity.

Every plant and tree here seems to grow and flower with a reckless profusion, a rank luxuriance, that is perfectly marvellous. The Turks throw melon-seeds into the ground, and a splendid crop appears in due season, so that you may buy as many melons as you can carry away for a few pence; but these improvident people never make the least provision for winter, and, consequently, half the cattle die, and the rest struggle through a wretched existence for some months of the year. Many Franks, lured by the cheapness of land, and the glorious vegetation, try to take farms here, but rarely succeed. I remember witnessing a melancholy instance of this kind. There was word

brought to us one morning, that the wife of a poor Frenchman, who had embarked in a speculation of the sort, was in the greatest possible distress; her husband was absent, and her child dying. We rode over next day, to see what could be done for her; and I shall never forget the hopeless, helpless look of depression stamped on everything around—the wretched, tumbling-down outhouses, and the dreary, dirty farmyard, deserted by every living thing save a few geese, that were marching about at their own freewill. We knocked at the door, but there was no one either to welcome or forbid our entrance to that squalid, poverty-stricken dwelling; so we walked in, disturbing dust and echoes that seemed to have slept in peace for many days, and found the poor mother alone with her sick baby, a lean, shrunken little creature, who might have been about four years old, with a withered face that looked a hundred. It screamed when laid down, and kept up a continual strange low whining as it leaned against its mother's breast, with its long, diminutive limbs hanging down quite powerless, and its wild, dark, elfin eyes glaring round with a fiendish expression. Nothing the least human or childlike was in that face—it looked as if under the influence of some malignant spell, and I could have believed it to be a fairy changeling. The poor woman, with national politeness, tried to find seats for us all, and brightened up under the cheering power of familiar words and friendly faces. She did not know where her husband was—he had left home, despairing of success, to try and better his fortunes elsewhere.

'But he had written to her, and sent a remittance, had he not?'

'Yes, madame.'

'How much had he sent?'

'Five piastres'—about one shilling.

Some of our party mentally cried shame; but he had left home almost penniless, and who knows from what pinching poverty that pittance had been wrung. She did not know what was the matter with her child—it had gradually pined away; but a glance at the low, swampy ground on which the house stood, a very hotbed of fever, was answer enough.

'Had she no one to assist her?'

'No; they had all gone.' Yesterday, she had got two women to help her to shell some maize; but they had stolen more than half of it. Between these disjointed scraps of information, she returned to the constant position of soothing that poor fading child. Not a farthing in the house—not a creature near to advise or assist her! Never was there so desolate, forsaken a position more cheerfully borne than by this brave little woman, trying to put the bright face of her country on everything. We, the visitors, after a short consultation, as there was really nothing else to purchase in the place, determined on being seized with a passion for geese; and forthwith bought up all the brethren of that race we found stalking about the premises. Our cackling purchases were marched off home, and confined in two separate bodies for the night; much to our cost, for the wretches screamed out a history of their wrongs to each other till the morning, when, by general request, they were reunited. It was impossible to do much for our poor Frenchwoman; the child could not be moved, and it was utterly impracticable to procure any kind of maid. It was easy to discover next morning that the market-price of geese had risen, and to send a few extra piastres; and a great hulking Slavonian man, who, most picturesquely attired, sometimes accompanied our riding-parties, was despatched with them. He, good fellow, swept her rooms, lighted her fires, and performed other kind offices, for which I always afterwards looked on his gay green jacket, and its yellow lace trimmings, with a favourable eye. A day or two afterwards, news was brought that the

unfortunate baby had passed away, and an arahah* was sent to bring the sorrowing mother and her dead child into the town, where she received all the comfort that was possible. I never heard anything further about the family.

THE FEEDING OF AN ARMY.

We all seem to be very learned just now about the Commissariat and Transport, and Medical Stores and Wagon-trains, and Storekeepers and Ambulances; and so forth. That is, we have so much on these subjects driven into us by the newspapers, that we are faint to believe we understand them. Nevertheless, the sum and substance of popular knowledge on such matters is really very limited. Who knows, for instance, how an army is fed? Which of us can tell by what machinery the daily wants of 40,000 or 50,000 men are supplied?—men who are impelled hither and thither by the stern word of command, without a roof over them, and with no knowledge of what the morrow may bring forth. A little information on such a subject will be new to many of our readers; and we have, accordingly, dipped into a frightful blue-book, a folio of 1400 pages, to pick out just so much as will tell us what the Commissariat is, and how it works. This may give us a sort of sequel to the article on the 'Domestic Economy of an Army.'

The officials of an army called the Commissariat move with the troops, and supply them with their daily rations; and there is a sort of standard rule, that each commissary should have with him, or within his reach, from three days' to a week's supply for the force to which he is attached. Each day he forwards to the commissary-general a statement of these supplies, which is laid before the general commanding, whose movements depend on this information. The troops also receive from the division-commissary all money-payments due to them. The commissary-general supplies means of transport, and forage for the transport-horses, to the Ordnance field-commissary in charge of the ammunition. To the commissary-general, also, is intrusted all the means of transport required by the army; this demands an intimate acquaintance with the resources of the country in which the army is located, and a frequent communication with civil and other authorities. The commissary-general has to see that he has a supply of money for his wants, and then to apply that money to the purchase of food and forage; and he has to negotiate bills from the home authorities, or manage the complicated commercial machinery by which paper-money or securities may be converted into specie.

It seems odd that, while the Commissariat has the management of the food, transport, and money of a moving army, the *purchasing* of the food itself was passed over to the Ordnance a few years ago. Even now we may see advertisements in the daily papers, announcing that the Ordnance are ready to receive tenders for such and such stores. In fact, for many years there has been a sort of battledoors-and-shuttlecock game between these two departments, each wishing to be very independent of the other; each jealous if its dignity be touched; and each perplexing the Treasury to determine which is the most efficient mode of classifying the respective duties. Very often, in foreign wars, supplies are obtained by foraging-parties, who roam over the country, purchasing or purloining, as the case may be. The English government has the credit of always paying for the supplies thus obtained; but the past history of war affords too many instances in which foreign armies have added to the miseries of a campaign, by taking forcible possession, without payment, of what food or fodder the

poor peasantry might happen to possess. The endeavour of the English Commissariat is, to obtain a supply of everything by *contract* before it is actually wanted, so as to leave as little as possible to be effected by foraging-parties. One of the many complexities in this subject is, that while the Commissariat feed the soldiers abroad, the Ordnance feed them at home. This is the result of a change made in 1835. Before that time, the Ordnance fed only the artillery and engineers' corps, while the Commissariat attended to the wants of the army generally. The Commissariat officers have frequently insisted that the Ordnance, although competent to issue guns, balls, and powder, ought to have nought to do with the issuing of beef, pork, and bread.

While the army is progressing, bread is usually issued in towns or villages where there are means of grinding and baking; the commissary endeavours to obtain the good-will of the inhabitants by just and judicious payments for everything he receives, and this good-will enables him to obtain the services of lads, women, mills, and ovens, for preparing the bread. A certain number of bakers are usually attached to the head-quarters of each division, to make and bake bread and biscuits as frequently as opportunities offer. In most of our wars, we have entered continental countries as allies of the inhabitants of those countries, and hence have not had to contend against the hostility of the peasantry and towns-people. One consequence of this has been, that the army has been supplied with bread or biscuit by contract with the nearest port, or with the surrounding district. The French, however, who have more frequently entered foreign countries as enemies, usually take ovens and stores with them, that they may not be too much at the mercy of circumstances. Where these appliances have been wanting, the French have sometimes suffered severely. Massena's army in front of the lines of Torres Vedras, during the Peninsular War, were compelled to beat their corn between two stones into a kind of imperfect meal, which was made up into thin cakes; these cakes, toasted before the bivouac-fires, were their only food. The soldiers had neither mills nor ovens; and their only supplies just at that time consisted of raw corn. When Marmont was engaged in one of his campaigns, he carried with him corn-mills, each capable of being worked by one man, who could grind thirty pounds of corn into meal in an hour. The soldiers dug their ovens in the ground—employing four hours to make an oven, and two to bake the bread. The commissary in an English army generally endeavours to drive on a few live-cattle with the troops, to maintain a supply of butchers' meat. The cattle are among the supplies which fail soonest; and a heavy item in the commissary's duties, is to search for cattle about the neighbourhood. As the English pay well, there are generally persons who come forward with provisions for sale; but they are frequently slippery dealers, and the commissary has to be wary in his transactions with them. In respect to the feeding of the horses, as hay, straw, and grass are too bulky to be carried by the animals which are to eat them, foraging-parties have to be despatched hither and thither, to find out the hay-fields and meadows, to make purchases, to cut down, and to bring these acquisitions to a convenient spot.

If the commissary cannot take food with him, and if the inhabitants cannot or will not sell, he has to change his tone, and say, 'You *must*!' Alas, for the poor inhabitants! 'If you are in an enemy's country, and living chiefly, if not altogether, upon requisition,' says Commissary Sir R. Routh, 'it is usual to send your demands accompanied by military force, unless you are in actual possession of the town. This show of force is necessary to the magistrate, as his plea before his own townsmen in the execution of the duty. The Commissariat officer is usually accompanied by a detachment of cavalry,

* A country carriage.

who occupy the town until the supply has been furnished; but all resort to violence is to be deprecated; nor is it usually necessary. You will always be more successful by cultivating the good opinion of the inhabitants.'

One of the most singular disclosures lately made public concerning the eventful proceedings in the East, is the offer made by a commercial house at Liverpool to *feed our entire army* in the Crimea by private contract. The tender was for 3s. 6d. per soldier per day. For this sum, the firm would have given the troops daily 1 pound bread, 1 pound cooked beef or pork, $\frac{1}{2}$ pound preserved potatoes, equal to 1 pound of raw potatoes; and a weekly allowance of 3 ounces tea, 3 ounces coffee, 1 pound sugar, 1 pound cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill pickles, 2 ounces salt, $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce pepper, and $\frac{1}{2}$ ounce mustard. To these were to be added 1 pint of ale and $\frac{1}{2}$ gill of spirits daily. The daily quantities of solid and liquid food would be 56 $\frac{1}{2}$ tons for 30,000 men. The firm would employ four steamers, of 1200 tons each, to be constantly employed running to and fro to convey this food. They would provide their own beasts of burden, and make their contract valid for any part of the Crimea—undertaking to supply every soldier every day, in whatever part of the Crimea the army might be. The meat would be served cold, but the potatoes would be cooked hot on the spot; they would have all the culinary arrangements for cooking the provisions daily; they would provide mules and carts for the land-transport; they would supply fresh meat by purchasing cattle in the countries bordering on the Black Sea. This remarkable tender—made by merchants who have been in the habit of virtualising emigrant-ships largely—was not accepted by the government; and we will, therefore, return to our Commissariat.

Sir R. Routh, in his pamphlet relating to the Commissariat, makes a statement which seems, as it stands, to place the British soldier on a lower level than the French in regard to prudence. He is treating of the supply of an army during its march. 'The Commissariat officer issues to the army three days' rations in advance; but it has not been found advantageous to distribute the whole of this supply to the men. One day's ration, therefore, is given to the men, and transport is furnished to the quarter-master, to convey the remaining two days' rations. Sometimes, on the eve of a battle—and this practice is general in the French army—rations for three days are distributed to the men, with orders to cook these provisions, and carry them on in their haversacks; and the practice is good, with this objection only, that it is a temptation to the improvident to consume their three days' rations in one. It is not unusual for a French soldier, when a long march is in contemplation, to carry fourteen days' biscuit, and to economise its consumption so that it shall actually last for that period; whereas you cannot always confide to the English soldier beyond the ration of the day. The Romans were in the habit of carrying on their persons a large supply of biscuit, and it was part of the discipline of the soldier; it is the custom also among most modern nations, when there is a great object in view.' Sir Randolph evidently implies, that it would be easier for the commissary to perform his duties if the men were supplied for three days at a time, but that the English soldier has not yet been so accustomed to the system as to use providently the humble fare intrusted to him.

Some years ago, Sir George Head wrote *Memoirs of an Assistant Commissary-general*, in which he gave much amusing gossip concerning his own experience in that office. The wear and tear of an active commissary's life during actual war is graphically told. Sir George informs us that, when a young man, he accepted the office of commissariat-clerk during the Peninsular War. He had to locate himself in small

rooms at Badajos, Coimbra, and other towns, writing all day long the necessary entries and documents connected with the supplies for Wellington's army. After a hard day's writing, he would dine on plain boiled ration-beef, and then luxuriate upon oranges purchased at twenty for a penny! When the French was about to invest Ciudad Rodrigo in 1810, Sir George was raised to the post of commissary of a brigade; and in this office, instead of quill-driving from morning till night, he had to scamper hither and thither in search of the necessary supplies for the brigade—now providing bullocks and vegetables to feed the men, and securing hay and corn to feed the horses; and now insuring a sufficient number of mules to carry the baggage and ammunition. Another lift awaited him: he became deputy-assistant commissary-general, and joined a portion of the army bound for the Alemtejo. While in one of the small towns in Portugal, Sir George tells us he was daily occupied from five in the morning till ten at night, incessantly engaged about mules, and food and fodder; and then at night, when he ought to have had sound sleep, 'the nuisance created by the vermin was really dreadful; like dogs, they galloped round the room, squeaking and fighting one with another; and not content with running over me as I lay in bed, at last absolutely used my person as a convenient landing-place to drop upon from the ceiling to the floor.'

When Sir George rose one step higher, and became assistant-commissary, he was attached to Sir Thomas Picton's division; and he then gives us some idea of his daily official life. It was a time of very early morning-marches. The commissary presented himself at head-quarters at three in the morning, and found the general dressed, booted, and spurred. The commissary was there and then informed of the town or village to which they were about to march; the headquarters of the division; and as nearly as possible, the destinations of the respective brigades. Returning to his tent, he usually found a score or so of persons assembled, requiring interviews with him on various matters connected with the Commissariat. The commissary then told the brigade-commissaries what was to be the nature of the day's march, and all conferred as to the best mode of scouring the country in pursuit of the necessary supplies. 'Full often,' says our authority, 'have I risen in a morning, even while the clouds were pouring rain, and started on my way, without figure of speech or exaggeration, literally not knowing the precise direction whither I was about to go, to seek the identical wheat that before the sun set at night was to be converted into bread. Yet good-fortune, and the cordial co-operation of my brother-officers in the Commissariat, always enabled me in due time to furnish my 7000 rations; and thus pay, as it were, to the whole division at the close of each toilsome day the debt I owed. Even after the wheat was found, a great deal remained to be done—for instance, the banks of rivers to be explored in seeking mills; mules appointed to work between these and the division; a spot determined on for a store to receive the flour when ground; and, lastly, the municipal authorities to be summoned, the ovens in the town or village put in requisition, and women appointed to bake the flour into bread.' Sir George states, in a note, that these rations comprised 10,500 pounds of bread, or 7000 pounds of biscuit; 7000 pounds of meat; 7000 pints of wine, or 2333 $\frac{1}{2}$ pints of spirits. And these quantities had to be provided every day, on the responsibility of the commissary, be the difficulties what they might. After he had settled his morning conferences and interviews, he, 'mounting a fresh horse, traversed the adjacent country to see what fortune might throw in my way. While the army was moving, I returned from these daily excursions to the camp generally after nightfall; I never threw myself in my clothes to rest

on my mattress before midnight; and always at three o'clock in the morning, as I have stated before, stood in the presence of the general. The above is no more than a reasonable sketch of the daily routine of a commissariat-officer in the field, in charge of a division of the army.'

How far the calamities in the Crimea are to be attributed to Commissariat imperfections, it does not fall within the province of this sheet to determine. But the reader will have seen sufficient to assure him, that a proper organisation of the Commissariat must be a matter of vast importance to an army; and that our politicians are well justified in attempting to determine the best mode of giving precision and efficacy to the system. When the Duke of Wellington was fighting, year after year, in the Peninsula, he was sorely perplexed by shortcomings in the Commissariat on many occasions; and his dispatches make frequent mention of the shifts to which he was often driven on this matter. Without touching on the province of a newspaper—a specialty which seems to be on the eve of removal—we may simply advert to the fact, that enormous stores of every kind of provisions were sent out to the Crimea during the autumn and winter, sufficient to feed well every soldier in the army; and yet we see what miseries have resulted from any dislocation of the machinery whereby the stores were distributed! Cruel as it is to see a fine army wasted away, when ample supplies were within reasonable distance, it would be little less cruel to hastily lay the fault to individual officials of departments, until we know whether, and to what extent, they were tied by precedent and official shackles. Truly, the domestic economy and feeding of an army is a delicate affair!

American Jottings.

A FEW MORE ITEMS ABOUT COLOUR.

COLOUR, as has been said, is the plague-spot in the constitution of America. How to get rid of it, nobody knows; what is to be the upshot, no one can foretell. So far as an outsider is able to judge, few are satisfied with the present state of things. The more intelligent and reflective part of the nation seem to be getting more alive to the danger, or at least to the social degradation involved in the permanence of slavery. Not little of this increasing sensibility is, doubtless, owing to the recent and unexpected acts of Congress establishing Kansas and Nebraska, without guaranteeing, in accordance with an existing statute, that slavery shall not be introduced into these western territories. Offended with this loose legislation, and possibly apprehensive of the spread of the institution over the broad continent, even to the shores of the Pacific, many persons hitherto inclined to enforce the Fugitive Slave Law, are now apparently disposed to adopt every means of defeating its operation; or, at all events, remaining neutral in moody discontent, they lend no assistance to slave-owners in reclaiming their vagrant property. In short, it may be inferred, from recent demonstrations, that the question of confining slavery to its older and more congenial region, and of modifying other social restrictions in regard to colour, is gaining ground, and that next Congress will not pass away without something being done on this vexing subject. The following are a few items illustrative of matters as they stand:—

A FORTUNATE 'COW-HIDING.'—A case was not long since in the courts of New York, involving an important question in law. The question was, whether slaves who had been involuntarily brought into the state, could be legally carried back into servitude by their master. The result of this litigation has not fallen under my notice; but I observe that in Ohio the law on the point has been established. About a year ago, a Mr and Mrs Williams, from New Orleans, visited Circleville, in

Ohio, bringing with them a female slave, twelve years of age. One day Mrs Williams thought proper to give the girl a 'cow-hiding,' whereupon she decamped, and took refuge among some of the coloured population. By them the girl was informed, that having been brought by her proprietor into the free state of Ohio, she could not be legally reclaimed or taken back to slavery. Not aware of this state of the law, Williams tried to recover the girl, but found that the authorities could not assist him, and that if he attempted violence, he would subject himself to a prosecution for kidnapping. He and his wife, accordingly, returned to New Orleans without their slave, who remained with her coloured friends, and was put to school.

A BISHOP SLAVEHOLDER.—A correspondent of the *New York Express*, lately furnished a fascinating account of the manner in which slaves are treated on a plantation in Louisiana belonging to Bishop Polk. We give it as a curiosity in its way. 'The plantation presents a favourable, but by no means a peculiar picture of southern homes and hearts. I allude to the sugar-estate of Bishop Polk, on the Bayou Lafourche, and in possession of one of the happiest and most intelligent families one sees anywhere. There are 340 slaves, 90 of whom are children under ten years of age, and 170 working-hands. Eighteen children had been born upon the plantation in less than a year. The children are trained religiously as soon as their young minds can be made to comprehend the idea of God and of religious duty. Many of the grown slaves can both read and write; and those who can do so, are not slow to teach others. Probably, the world over, there could not be found three or four hundred beings together happier or better cared for than the slaves on this plantation. Though a sugar-plantation, the slaves are not worked on Sunday; and Bishop Polk has demonstrated that it is both practical and economical, even in the grinding-season, to suspend all sorts of labour on Sunday. A planter, who had tried the experiment, concluded to recommend the stopping of labour on the Sabbath; acknowledged that the change worked well; and that he was making more and better sugar than ever before. The children have their nurseries, where the very old take care of the very young while the mothers and fathers are at work. Those from ten years to ten months old, live and play together; and it is not until they reach fourteen, that regular day-service is put upon them. On a plantation like this, the majority of those of mature years are regular members of the church; and here are ninety communions. "If northern divines, however anti-slavery they may be, will come here to save souls," said Bishop Polk, "I will welcome them when they come. I will not ask whence they came, or what their faith. They shall see slavery precisely as it is. They shall visit every plantation in the Louisiana diocese, and I will only exact of them, that they preach the gospel as it is proclaimed in the Word of God!"'

NEGRO DOGS.—Without calling in question the kindly treatment of slaves by such pious worthies as Bishop Polk, it is certain that negroes—ungrateful wretches!—are continually making their escape from the pleasures of servitude. Unfortunately, good masters do not live for ever; neither are they always exempted from pecuniary misfortunes, or from a wish to change their professional pursuits; and, consequently, their servants, along with other chattels, run a continual risk—there lies the pinch—of being suddenly brought to the hammer. When negroes take flight, the best plan for securing them, we are told, is at once to employ a professional slave-catcher, who goes to work in a methodical way, with dogs trained for the purpose of scenting fugitives. During last year, a runaway slave was thus traced to Washington, and there scented by a dog in a place of hiding, not half a mile from the Capitol, where Congress was at the

time in session. The *New York Tribune* contains the following advertisement of a professional slave-catcher, quoted from a newspaper in a western slave-state:—
 'NEGRO Dogs.—I would inform the citizens of Holmes County that I still have my Negro Dogs, and that they are in good training, and ready to attend to all calls of hunting and catching RUNAWAY NEGROES, at the following rates: For hunting per day, five dollars; or if I have to travel any distance, every day will be charged for, in going and returning, as for hunting, and at the same rates. Not less than five dollars will be charged in any case, where the Negroes come in before I reach the place. From fifteen to twenty-five dollars will be charged for catching, according to the trouble; if the Negro has weapons, the charge will be made according to the difficulty had in taking him, or in case he kills some of the dogs, the charge will not be governed by the above rates. I am explicit, to prevent any misunderstanding. The owner of the slave to pay all expenses in all cases. I venture to suggest to any person having a slave-runaway, that the better plan is to send for the dogs forthwith when the Negro goes off, if they intend sending at all, and let no other person go in the direction, if they know which way the runaway went; as many persons having other Negroes to hunt over the track, and failing of success, send for the dogs, and then perhaps fail in consequence to catch their Negro, and thus causelessly fault the dogs. Terms, cash. If the money is not paid at the time the Negro hunted for is caught, he will be held bound for the money. I can be found at home at all times, five and a half miles east of Lexington, except when hunting with the dogs. JOHN LONG. Feb. 14, 1855.'

A COOL PROPOSAL.—The troublesome foible that runaway slaves have of getting into Canada, has given considerable annoyance to persons who make a profession of catching them. In some instances, they have tried to follow them across the boundary, but not with good results; as, according to British law, all human beings are free, and the forcible seizure of anybody, no matter what be his colour, is kidnapping, and subject to punishment. In circumstances so disagreeable to slave-catchers, a member of this respectable fraternity—to wit, Mr John H. Pope—hailing from the town of Frederick, in Maryland, and dating the 1st of January, sends a letter to the 'chief of police, Montreal, Canada,' in which he makes what the newspapers describe as a 'cool proposal.' In justice to Mr Pope, we copy his letter entire: 'DEAR SIR—Though the laws of your province preclude slavery, and you may deem it improper that I should address you relative to that question, which has created so great sectional animosity at home, and elicited such disapproval abroad—still, believing that a sense of justice influences every right-thinking man in the formation of his judgment and the mode of his conduct, I have taken the liberty, which, if it meets not with views alike to mine, will be pardoned. Vast numbers of slaves, escaping from their masters or owners, succeed in reaching your provinces, and are, therefore, without the pale of the Fugitive Slave Law, and can only be restored by cunning, together with skill. Large rewards are offered, and will be paid for their return; and could I find an efficient person to act with me, a great deal of money could be made, as I would equally divide. Many are willing to come after writing to that effect. The only apprehension we have in approaching too far into Canada, is the fear of being arrested; and had I a good assistant in your city, who would induce the negroes to the frontier, I would be there to pay the cash. On your answer, I can furnish names and descriptions of negroes, which will fully reward the trouble. Answer either to accept or decline. Yours, JOHN H. Pope, Police-officer and Constable.'—On this letter, the *Montreal Gazette* of January 13 offers some pointed remarks, and

concludes in a strain to which our readers may possibly respond: 'We have no desire to counsel violence towards any man, but such a proposition as that we have just read in this negro-hunter's letter, rouses a spirit of indignation which prevents all half reflection. If ever the taking of the law into one's own hands were justifiable, it would be in such a case as this. We will not trust ourselves to write more about it to-day, but can only cry shame on the man who would so degrade himself as to make such a proposition! Triple shame on the people whose laws sanction his conduct! And we may thank God once more, and rejoice, that their country is not ours—that we have no share or participation in their sin.'

MISS GIBSON.—In the *New York Tribune* of January 30, there appears an account of a runaway affair. It begins with a quotation from the *Detroit Tribune* of the 15th of the same month, to the effect that a Miss Gibson, from Maysville, in Kentucky, had just crossed the river St Clair to the Canadian shore, having arrived in safety by the underground railway from Toledo. 'What makes this case of unusual interest,' proceeds the Detroit paper, 'is the fact that Miss Gibson is as white as any of our lady-readers who will con this paragraph. Unless informed of the fact, no one would have the remotest suspicion that she had a drop of negro blood running in her veins. Her eyes are blue, her hair brown, her complexion fair and clear. She is very intelligent, and her appearance really prepossessing.' Now for Greeley's characteristic commentary: 'The superb chivalry which would keep such a fair chattel should be known, but in default of such knowledge, let us imagine a public dinner, and the company, with that chivalrous man present, and the proceedings at Toast No. 13: *Woman!* [Nine cheers.]

O woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please, &c.

[Immense applause, the whole company rising and using their glasses, some breaking them.] The gallant Colonel Fitz Specimen, of Kentucky, being called upon to respond to this toast, rises and speaks as follows:—'Mr Chairman and Gentlemen—it is a time-honoured custom to toast woman at public dinners; and, what is more, to reserve the toast till the close of the feast, when our hearts are warmest, and, under the inspiration of jolly Bacchus, our feelings mellowest. [Cheers and laughter.] Woman! what shall not be said in her favour? When too young to know love or gratitude, we are nurtured at her breast, and her tenderness glows in the ratio of our helplessness and infant sorrows. When a little older, the first beam of divine feeling comes from the rainbow of undefined passion which overcomes our existence, even in the dawn of youth. [Applause and disorder.] Then in our days of ripened passion, what makes the stars shine, the floweret perfume, the grove vocal—what makes life worth the toil of existence, but the love of woman? Oh, how poor, how mean is our boasted ambition, our public honours, our private labours, without her smile! [Applause considerable.] But how doubly, triply, quadruply blest, are we in this land of liberty, where alone woman is respected and protected by the law? Look at Europe, and you find her ever and everywhere doomed to the coarsest toils. War's greatest martyrs, and the shame of peace! She ploughs, digs, delves, carries loads, plays scavenger, descends into coal-pits, is habitually prostituted—the centre of civilisation, Paris even, shewing one lost daughter to every three that are born. [Shame! shame! and groans.] But in our own country, the land of the free and the home of the brave, woman first finds a place due her honour, nobility, and tenderness. Here she is respected. Free as virtue can render her—respected, beloved, venerated—this is her paradise. [Extravagant cheering.] Go where you

will in the thirty-one states, and a halo of idolatry encircles her fair brow! [A gentleman mutters: 'All except niggers.'] The gentleman need not correct me—I said *fair* brow. [Great cheering and laughter.] Woman, Mr Chairman and Gentlemen, now and for ever—God bless her!" Need we add that, beyond a doubt, the gallant colonel sat down amid loud applause, long continued, and that—in spite of his speech, Miss Gibson found it necessary to run away from his proprietorship.

DARING ACT OF A COLOURED WOMAN.—Along certain thoroughfares in New York there run railway-cars, drawn by horses, and plying as street-omnibuses for miscellaneous passengers. One Sunday, a coloured lady, named Elizabeth Jennings, who is a teacher in a public school, and acts as organist in one of the city churches, presumed to get upon the outer platform of one of these cars for the purpose of riding to church. The conductor, very much astonished at her presumption, tried, says the account of the affair in the *Tribune*, 'to get her off,' first alleging the car was full; and when that was shewn to be false, he pretended the other passengers were displeased at her presence; but as she saw nothing of that, and insisted on her rights, he took hold of her by force to expel her. She resisted; they got her down on the platform, jammed her bonnet, soiled her dress, and injured her person. Quite a crowd gathered around, but she effectually resisted, and they were not able to get her off. Finally, after the car had gone on further, they got the aid of a policeman, and succeeded in expelling her from the car. She instructed her attorneys to prosecute the company, also the driver and conductor. The two latter interposed no defence; the company took issue; and the cause was brought to trial. Judge Rockwell gave a very clear and able charge, instructing the jury that the company were liable for the acts of their agents, whether committed carelessly and negligently, or wilfully and maliciously; that they were common carriers, and as such bound to carry all respectable persons; that coloured persons, if sober, well-behaved, and free from disease, had the same rights as others, and could neither be excluded by any rules of the company, nor by force or violence; and in case of such expulsion or exclusion, the company was liable. The plaintiff claimed 500 dollars in her complaint, and a majority of the jury were for giving her the full amount; but others maintained some peculiar notions as to coloured people's rights, and they finally agreed on 225 dollars, on which the court added ten per cent., besides the costs. Railways, steam-boats, omnibuses, and ferry-boats,' observes our authority in conclusion, 'will be admonished from this as to the rights of respectable coloured people. It is high time the rights of this class of citizens were ascertained, and that it should be known whether they are to be thrust from our public conveyances, while German or Irish women, with a quarter of mutton or a load of cod-fish, can be admitted.'

A COLOURED DIFFICULTY.—On the 7th of February, in the present year, a female teacher in one of the district schools of Cincinnati, wrote a note to the 'Board of Trustees,' intimating that certain members of the Board had introduced into her school-room a coloured boy, with directions to instruct him as a pupil among the children of white citizens—a proceeding, she remarks, 'wholly illegal,' and she therefore begs that the boy may be immediately removed to the school for coloured children. This appeal led to a meeting of the trustees, at which, amidst a warm discussion, various resolutions and amendments were put on the subject. There was a difficulty in the case. The boy was more white than black, and under this favourable feature, it was argued by some of the members present, that he was eligible as a pupil in a white school. Accordingly, one of the party moved the admission of the boy, on the ground that 'the supreme court of Ohio had decided, that a person

nearer white than a mulatto or half-blood, is entitled to the privileges of white,' and 'that children of more than half-white blood, are entitled to the benefit of the school fund.' This, like other resolutions favourable to the boy, was lost; and, finally, his expulsion from the school was carried by fifteen to ten. Two of the trustees forthwith resigned. One wonders with what face the people of the northern states can reproach the south, on the subject of slavery, while they themselves are chargeable with subjecting the coloured population to such indignities. How southern planters must laugh at incidents like that just related!

W. C.

FIRE-ANNIHILATION.

It is an important question, whether any other agent than water is chemically fitted to extinguish fire quickly and effectually? Several years ago, Captain Manby—favourably known for his praiseworthy exertions to contrive apparatus for saving the lives of shipwrecked persons—published a small pamphlet, in which, among other suggestions for extinguishing fires, he proposes that the water employed should contain a certain quantity of potash. He says: 'When a small quantity of simple water is cast on materials in a state of violent combustion, the heat from the burnt surface soon causes it to evaporate into steam; and the materials thus extinguished, again becoming dry from the radiation of the surrounding heat, readily ignite; but that if pearl-ash or potash be added to the water, when the water evaporates a solid incrustation of the pearl-ash is left on the surface, which, by defending it from the influence of the air, prevents it from burning, and from communicating flame to the contiguous parts.' This potash-theory seems to have maintained some hold on the mind of Captain Manby; for he further proposed the use of portable cylindrical vessels filled with water containing potash—his object being to prevent the rapid spread of a fire before the arrival of the engines, by having at hand vessels capable of being managed by all persons, and provided with the means of forcing potash-water in a narrow stream with considerable force against the burning substances.

Whether Captain Manby's plan was ever put in practice, we do not know; but there has been invented and patented, within the last few years, an apparatus which may be said to choke or stifle a fire by means of a dense smoke or gas. The contrivance is called Phillips's Fire-annihilator. The gas produced will not support combustion; and the theory is, that the fire must die out if the enveloping gas prevents the approach of the oxygen of the air. The apparatus is certainly very small, considering the important service which it is intended to render: it is, in fact, nothing more than a chemical vessel, in which a particular gas may be generated. There is an upright perforated cylinder, contained within a second perforated cylinder; this is contained within an air-tight cylinder, and a fourth cylinder or casing encloses the whole—a regular nest of boxes, one within another. The ingredients for generating the gas are numerous—charcoal, gypsum, nitrate of potash, chlorate of potash, sugar, water, sulphuric acid. These substances are made up into a single charge, which is placed in the inner cylinder, and connected with a fuse projecting from the top of the apparatus. When the fuse is ignited, the charge instantly takes fire, converting some water that has been introduced into the outer cylinder into steam; and the combined steam from the water and carbonic acid gas of the charge rushes forth with great violence from a funnel near the top, after which the jet may be directed against the fire it is intended to stifle.

This apparatus has been used in extinguishing many purposely kindled fires: let one example suffice. The Exhibition Jury of Class X., on 6th September 1851,

witnessed one of Mr Phillips's experiments at Battersea. The jury were Sir John Herschel, Professor Collodon, Mr Glaisher of Greenwich Observatory, and Mr Bazerbank, and they report as follows:—“A rough wooden-house, two stories high, filled with planks of wood, shavings, &c., was set on fire, and the doors and windows fast closed; previously to which, a quantity of spirits of turpentine had been poured over the combustibles in the interior, from which, in the course of a few minutes, the flames were seen issuing from the windows, and on the door being burst open, presented an unbroken sheet of flame. The Fire-annihilator was then brought forward, and the vapour directed into the doorway. The effect was almost instantaneous. The great mass of flame was at once extinguished, and at the same moment dense volumes of smoke were seen issuing from the same place.”

The practical question remains—Can dependence be placed upon this apparatus, that it will always be serviceable when an accidental fire occurs? We are enabled to give one piece of evidence on this subject, the force of which will depend much on the faith placed in the disinterestedness of our motives in bringing it forward. It is simply to this effect, that in our own printing-office, not long ago, a beam connected with a flue took fire, during the breakfast-hour, and was producing a conflagration of a sufficiently alarming character, when one of the examples of the apparatus which we keep upon the premises, was brought and put in action, and in a surprisingly brief space of time the burning was wholly extinguished.

THE MONTH:
SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE past month, though not particularly fertile in respect of science, nor fraught with startling discoveries, has been one of steady advance in a variety of matters more or less important. Some have passed almost unnoticed, amid the excitement and talk about stagnation in the Crimea, disasters at Scutari, an imperial visit from the other side of the Channel, and the change in the law concerning newspapers. Nevertheless, our *savans* have not been idle. They are all rather in good spirits just at present, feeling the appointment of Professor Graham to the post of Master of the Mint, vacated by Sir John Herschel, to be a compliment paid to science. And so it is, but not more than science deserves; and we are truly glad that Lord Palmerston, looking beyond mere parliamentary influence—that bugbear of prime-ministers—has chosen a fit man for a fit place. Professor Graham is a chemist of first-rate reputation, known throughout Europe; and his successor in the chair of University College must be no smatterer. We hear from Oxford, that Dr Daubeny has given notice of his intention to resign his chair in that university; to be succeeded by one of our ablest chemists—the son of a well-known baronet—if Oxford will waive the signing of the Thirty-nine Articles; a point which, it is said, the venerable *mater* is not indisposed to concede. Changes of another kind have taken place on the continent. The death of Gauss, at the age of seventy-eight, has deprived Göttingen of its most distinguished professor—the foremost mathematician of Europe. The veteran was so devoted to his studies, so little of a traveller, that he had never seen a railway or a locomotive till within a year or two of his decease. Paris, too, has to lament the loss of Duvernoy, Cuvier's successor.

Among the more important subjects, Mr Grove's

experiments deserve attention, for they demonstrate the convertibility of galvanic and frictional electricity, and accompanied by extraordinary phenomena. No sooner is the apparatus properly connected, and the machine in action, than a torrent of sparks is seen to pass with a continuous roar, too loud to be agreeable. A new fact, and no unimportant one, is hereby added to electrical science; and also to popular science, for the managers of the Panopticon are exhibiting it to admiring spectators.

The Society of Arts are keeping up their reputation for usefulness, as shewn by the interesting papers read at their weekly meetings. One on a new system of drawing, which leads the student on from simple to compound geometric lines, and enables him to produce ornament on definite rules. The system, though containing valuable points, is said not to be new, and to be better adapted for artisans than artists. Another was that on great question, the Sewage of London: Mr Lawes treated it in a manner at once philosophical and practical, and gave reasons for modifying the notions entertained for some time past as to the great value of the sewer discharge. He estimates the egesta of the whole population of the metropolis, when deprived of moisture, at about 51,000 tons annually—sufficient to manure 400,000 acres of corn-growing land; to produce 600,000 quarters of wheat; and worth £774,525. But the cost of collecting and drying would be too great to admit of its application to a farm with profit, after paying carriage. If distributed in a liquid form, the most valuable part of the fertilising substance is lost by the dilution; the laying down of pipes to a long distance involves too great an outlay; and only on grass-lands near London would it pay to distribute liquid manure. Such is a very brief summary of the views entertained by Mr Lawes. In the discussion that followed, it was shewn that Mr Wicksteed's plans for economising and distributing the sewage of Leicester do leave a profit; that the conversion of the faecal matter into a dry form has never yet been properly attempted in this country; and that the experience of Scotch farmers in the use of the article does not agree with that of English farmers. Mr Meehi thinks the annual value of the London sewage to be £18,000,000 sterling. The difference of opinion is great; and careful experiment will be needed to settle the question. Meanwhile, we are sending half round the globe for a fertiliser, which, if we did but sufficiently recognise the law of compensations, would be found available in every parish.

Mr Wilson's paper on the iron manufacture of the United States is a suggestive one for British manufacturers. The Americans make 200,000 tons of iron in the year, and import 500,000 tons from England—an important item in the trade between the two countries, and one likely to increase. In some respects, Jonathan is ahead of us: he uses certain of the gases, and the slag which we waste; and he has discovered a process for making iron direct from the ore. The latter is to be adopted at the ironworks in South Wales. We make here, in Britain, 3,000,000 tons of iron a year, and to each ton there are two tons of slag-refuse, which the masters pay to get rid of. But Dr Smith of Philadelphia shews slag to be a valuable material, of manifold uses, convertible into glazed bricks and tiles, vases, chimney-pieces, table-tops, and pavements; and instead of wasting it, as at present, manufacturers might realise from it £500,000 a year. Experiments made at Dowlais go far to verify these conclusions.

At the last meeting of the Geographical Society, a detailed account was read of Dr Livingstone's remarkable exploration of the interior of Africa; and such was the impression produced, that the adventurous traveller will no doubt find himself rewarded, when next he hears from England, by the award of the

Society's gold medal. Having already mentioned the principal facts of the doctor's travels, we shall now only add, that he has left Loanda, on the western coast, hoping to cross to Quilimane, the Portuguese settlement on the eastern coast. A rumour has reached us from Australia, that Mr Benjamin Boyd, who was supposed to have perished by shipwreck on the Solomon Isles, is now thought to be alive, as his name has been seen carved on the tree stems on one of the group. A small vessel was being fitted out to ascertain the nature of the rumour when the advices came away. The return of Captain Collinson, with the Arctic exploring-ship *Enterprise*, is now expected with some anxiety, as when the vessel sailed from Hong-Kong in November last, most, if not all, the officers were under arrest. Her arrival will be a relief in many quarters. Sir Edward Belcher and Captain Maclure have each written a narrative—the one, of his expedition in search of Sir John Franklin; the other, of his arduous discovery of the North-west Passage. Both works are to be published immediately.

Colonel Sykes states, in a report to the Statistical Society on Nice and its characteristics, that to seek a cure of diseases of the lungs in that pleasant territory, or in Piedmont, is 'a dangerous error;' for the prevailing winds are northerly, the changes of temperature frequent and sudden, and diseases of the respiratory organs more numerous and fatal in proportion than in London. He makes out his case by such an array of facts as will probably induce invalids to prefer Devonshire or Cornwall to the Mediterranean. There is, however, another sea-margin worthy of consideration. The Rev. Dr Lloyd, of Trinity College, Dublin, suggests, in a report on the meteorology of Ireland, to the Royal Irish Academy, that the coast of Kerry offers an equable temperature, a genial climate, and magnificent scenery.

Visitors to the Polytechnic Institution have now the pleasure of hearing a concert played by invisible performers—a cleverly managed contrivance. Four harps are seen standing on the floor of the lecture-room; and though no one strikes the strings, the harmony of a quartett is distinctly heard, and under such control, that the lecturer, by a slight movement of each harp, cuts off or restores the sound instantaneously. It is a case of telephony. The performers sit somewhere in the basement of the building, and the sound of the instruments is conveyed through long pine-rod to the sounding-board of the harps; and the spectators find themselves under the joint influence of wonder and curiosity. The method was first contrived by Mr Wheatstone, some thirty years ago; and for some time afterwards, it was shewn at a public exhibition in the Strand. Mr Faraday made it the subject of a lecture at the Royal Institution in 1831; and now the managers of the Polytechnic have revived it, to delight the present generation. Nothing so new as that which is old and forgotten.

M. Soyer has demonstrated to the authorities of Greenwich Hospital, that to do the cooking of the establishment by gas would effect a double economy: improved quality of viands, and saving of expense. Should the process be adopted, we may hope that many other establishments, private as well as public, will follow the example. The demand for paper from material other than rags, has been answered by the production of paper from a mixture of wood-shavings and bran. And Dr Hoskins, of Guernsey, thinks he may claim the £1000 offered by the *Times*, as he has succeeded in making a good paper from a plant which grows abundantly in the Channel Islands and in most parts of England. A highly important contribution to the general question has just been made by Dr Royle's volume on *The Fibrous Plants of India, &c.*, in which the vegetable resources of our Indian Empire for the manufacture of cordage and cloths, as well as

paper, are ably discussed. The Earl of Derby made a speech on the subject, illustrated by specimens, in the House of Lords.

Certain of the learned men of Cambridge, chiefly of St John's College, have established an Adams' Prize, value about £130, for the promotion and encouragement of astronomical science; and they announce 'The Motions of Saturn's Rings' as the subject on which they desire to receive papers: the best, of course, to win the prize. Time enough is allowed for treating the investigation with the care and attention it so eminently deserves, as the papers are not to be sent in before 1857. An attempt has been made by Mr Burr to illustrate the precession of the equinoxes—a profound mystery to thousands—and make it apparent to the eye, by a mechanical contrivance. He exhibited an ingenious instrument for the purpose at a recent meeting of the Astronomical Society, and they are shortly to make known their opinion as to its capabilities.

Edinburgh, long celebrated for her school of painting, is now to have an opportunity of distinguishing herself in another way; for government has purchased land on which to establish an Industrial Museum. When completed, working-men, and indeed persons of all classes, will be able to get some practical knowledge of what is meant by the application of science to art; and we shall hope to see the institution not less useful and flourishing than in other towns. The Institute of British Architects have held discussions of late concerning the early Christian monuments of Constantinople, keeping practical objects in view; and not unmindful of the present, they have appointed a committee to watch the progress of the Health of Towns' Bill through parliament. Baths and wash-houses thrive so well in the different metropolitan districts, that a movement is now being made for their introduction into the city. The corporation are urged to take the matter up by their sanitary officer. Bristol is bestirring itself in favour of model lodging-houses; and Cambridge has actually pulled down a miserable assemblage of tenements, and erected a building in their place, which, if not a model, is an improved dwelling for the working-classes. The question is one that cannot long be evaded, either in seats of learning or in seats of commerce. Mr Ewart has obtained leave to bring in a bill to extend the benefit of free public libraries to the smaller towns in England, and to apply it to Ireland; so that the poet's wish to 'make knowledge circle with the winds,' is more and more likely to be realised. Sir Charles Eastlake is appointed director of the National Gallery; and henceforward, if anticipations are well founded, we shall hear no more complaints of the way in which our pictures are kept, or of mistakes made in the purchase. Mr Westmacott, R.A., pronounces emphatically against the colouring of statues; and there is no doubt that nine-tenths of those able to form an opinion on the question, agree with him. Germany is about to erect a monument in honour of Winckelmann, who, the son of a poor shoemaker, became one of her most famous writers on art and antiquities. A statue of Berzelius, to be erected at Stockholm, and one of Washington, have just been cast at the great foundry at Munich. Accounts received from the Levant, report the discovery of a sarcophagus in the neighbourhood of Sidon, which, being thickly covered with inscriptions, will, it is believed, throw additional light on the ancient Phoenician language. Students of Eastern history will rejoice should the report be confirmed. The East India Company have just published a Glossary of Judicial and Revenue Terms, and Useful Words in a dozen of the languages required in the civil service in India—another endeavour, and praiseworthy withal, towards efficient administration. And Bombay has started a Quarterly Review! The first number contains ably

written papers, principally on local subjects, by men who know what they are writing about; and if these are an earnest of what is to follow, the periodical will do good service in the work of amelioration.

French paleontologists are in a little excitement about the leg-bone of a huge bird recently dug up from the clay near Paris. Some think it identical with the remains brought from New Zealand. M. St Hilaire has laid before the Académie another of the gigantic eggs from Madagascar. This new specimen is more than thirty-nine inches circumference, and contains about three gallons! M. Deville, the producer of aluminum, has been admitted into the Légion d'Honneur, and placed by the emperor at the head of a new laboratory in the Normal School at Paris, where mineral chemistry will be the chief object of research. Samples of the wonderful metal are to have a place in the forthcoming Exposition, and an idea is entertained of making cuirasses of aluminum for some of the French troops.

The Rev. J. Barlow's lecture at the Royal Institution was rather appropriate to the present time, the subject being the chemical means of preserving food. He had specimens of all kinds of preserved meats, and explained the processes by which they are kept for months and years in an eatable condition. He shewed the biscuit supplied to the Russian army; the meat and soup packed in canisters for the French troops, and some of the compressed vegetables prepared for the French marine—the latter an article to which we called attention a year ago. A cauliflower, which, in the compressed state was about the bulk of six pennypieces piled together, was boiled and turned out in portly dimensions before the audience, and with its flavour unimpaired. With such a resource at command, we ought to hear no more about the scurvy. Our army in the Crimea are, at all events, to get bread if not vegetables; the *Bruiser* has been fitted up as a flour-mill, to grind from 700 to 800 bushels per day; and the *Abundance*, as a bakery, to bake a daily supply of 20,000 pounds of bread. Both vessels are now on their way to the Black Sea. And for destruction: the *Horatian* steam-frigate takes two of Nasmyth's guns, each 10 feet 6 inches long, 13 inches bore, weighing 23 tons, and capable of throwing a ball of 302 pounds with a charge of 30 pounds of powder.

A MUSICAL MOUSE.

In the *Country Gentleman*—a paper published at Albany, state of New York—is an account of a curiosity in natural history. 'We take the following,' says the editor, 'from the *Boston Traveller*, and may add that we are cognizant of a case in which a mouse was heard to imitate the singing of a bird with the most surprising accuracy. A friend residing in New York, in whose house this phenomenon occurred, assures us that this little mocking-mouse was seen by several members of the family in the very action of singing; that this took place frequently for several months; when, finally, he disappeared, or "lost his voice" as suddenly as he found it:—"Last evening, when all was still in my room, my attention was attracted by a sound within the walls exactly resembling the chirp of a young canary. This awoke my canary, which answered it from his perch. The chirp was repeated, and the bird replied. A regular bird-conversation followed, each answering in tune, the unseen singer increasing in his loudness and clearness till the canary was fairly thrown into song, and imitating him in his trills and warbling, just about as closely as a young canary would imitate an old one. At this moment, a regiment of rats, which seemed to have been collected round the spot, made a stampede, and the invisible singer was silenced for the night. My first thought was to refer this intramural singing to a canary heard through the walls; but inquiring at the next door, and finding no canary was kept there, and hardly supposing that one could exist between the walls, I was obliged to yield to the opinion of a lady present, that it was a musical mouse; she citing an instance

of the kind which had come to her knowledge in the family of a physician of this city, in which, after many attempts, the *mus musicus* was captured. Only one other supposition could be indulged, and the improbable one, that the rats had carried off a live canary, and kept him in confinement to enjoy his song."

THE PATRIOT'S WIDOW.

The enemy was nearing,
His banner proud uprearing;
Our last hope disappearing,
Our bravest, best, laid low;
Of all it might bereave me,
And he could not deceive me,
'Twas death to him to leave me—
I loved, and bade him go.

In vain! repulsed, retreating,
E'en to our walls; sad greeting!—
One last and anguished meeting
We gave that hapless band.
I heard the victors crying,
I saw the dead and dying,
I saw our leaders flying;
I loved, and bade him stand.

He stood where swords were flashing,
Where the fierce shell was crashing,
Where the gored steeds were dashing,
He stood beneath mine eye;
I marked his blood fast flowing,
His arm more heavy growing,
His eye more faintly glowing;
I loved, and saw him die.

Time passed, and there came round me
Those who in sorrow found me,
With love that would have bound me
Once more in wedded chain;
And friends were there entreating,
And every hour repeating
That grief and youth were fleeting;
I loved—but not again.

And now there's none to cheer me,
Hardly are any near me;
My last fair child, I fear me,
Dies also ere her prime;
The world is dark before me,
And few would now deplore me:
But HEAVEN!—that brightens o'er me!
I love—and bide my time.

SOPHIA ISELIN.

DEATHS OF SCOTCHMEN AND SCOTCHWOMEN.

Scotchmen die in greater numbers than Scotchwomen, or they leave the women of Scotland at home when they cross the Tweed, as well as when they emigrate, and do not marry, or marry English wives; so that to 100 men at the ages, 20-40, 40-60, 60-80, 80-100, the enumerators of 1851, found respectively 112, 117, 135, and 159 women in Scotland. This great disparity of the sexes, which pervades so many counties of Scotland, well deserves careful investigation in connection with the law of marriage, the household manners, and the occupations of the people.—*Census of 1851.*